

The Losers Wedding Bachelor's Road Trip 2018 by Conchita, supersoldierskywalker

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Summary:

The Losers sat in their respective jail cells.

Richie and Eddie are avoiding each other's gazes, Beverly is trying to clean gunk off her hair, Bill is silently sulking, Mike's passed out, Ben is wincing as he pokes his black eye, and Stanley is nowhere to be found in the scene.

Now, you're probably wondering... how did they get into this situation?

The Losers Wedding Bachelor's Road Trip 2018

Author's Note:

I'm Chichi. This is a fic I've been thinking about for a long time, it's also a collaborative piece between me and the pals at my Discord server. Bon Appetite

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Ben smirked to himself. Like every sexy nice guy in a story, he tries to make good out of a terrible situation, like the cliché hunk he is.

"God. What a trip this was-"

"Shut up, Ben." everyone interrupts him. Even Mike, who was asleep.

Ben immediately shut up.

But discount Tom Cruise was right. What a trip this was.

Now, you're probably wondering... how did they get into this situation?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SwYN7mTi6HM>

August

One week before the wedding.

It's been two whole years since The Losers killed Pennywise and fucked out of Derry.

Things have been fine since, just 'fine' though. Mike worked at a library/historical center in Tampa, Florida...

Mike struggled to get his desk open. About five white families wearing Mickey Mouse hats argue from the lobby. Mike finally gets the drawer to open and takes out a brochure.

“Look. Here. Here’s all the exhibits and everything you need to know.” Mike says as he hands a guy the pamphlet and wipes sweat off his forehead. He starts to use his collared shirt as a fan to fan himself. He gets hit by a sour patch kid which was thrown by some eleven year old wearing a Kylo Ren shirt.

“The website said there would be gators?” a woman wearing a shirt that says “Dumber #2” says. And God, was she living up to that shirt, Mike thought.

“The gator zoo is closed unfortunately but we still have the aquarium!” Mike says through gritted smile. Another sour patch kid gets thrown at his forehead.

“Are the fish gluten free?” asks another woman. Mike’s head started to feel heavy on top of his body so he signaled another employee to work with the clients.

He went out into the back and immediately started to scream. Five seconds into his screaming, two pedestrians paused and watched him. He glanced up and gave them a wave and forced smile and waited for them to uncomfortably walk away so he could continue his screaming.

“Micheal! God Damn, the hell is wrong with you? We can hear all that disaster from inside!” Mike’s boss opens the back door irruptly.

Mike shakes his head. “I’m sorry Mr. Hernandez. I needed to let some gators out.” He got up from his crouching position and adjusted his tie.

“The fuck you let out? A dinosaur? Micheal, you gotta get your act together. There are clients in there asking if we got Fortnite here. I don’t even know what Fortnite is. Do you know, Micheal?” Mr. Hernandez opened the door again to reveal more shouts of the angry families and immediately shut the door again.

“Yes sir, I’ll fix the issue.” Mike sighed as he headed for the door. Mr. Hernandez put an arm in front of him before he could get inside. “Micheal, do you need a break? Like, a vacation?”

Mike’s whole face finally perked up at the question. “Uh, yes, sir. Two of my best friends are getting married in a week and we planned on having a week long bachelors trip. Would it be okay with you if I took vacation days off for a week? I promise when I get back I will be right on track and-”

“Micheal, my answer is yes. Go on your trip, might put back some sanity in you.” Mr. Hernandez nodded and Mike smiled brightly as he went in for an unexpected hug.

“Okay, okay Hanlon. Take it easy. Now get in there and tell them you know what Fortnite is.” Mr. Hernandez patted Mike on the back and Mike nodded seriously before getting inside.

Ben and Beverly live their happy, domestic life in Nebraska both supporting each other’s respective careers. Beverly’s fashion line has been going quite exquisite...

“Alright, I want you on the phone with Donatella Versace to discuss our sunglasses deal.” Beverly pointed at a twenty year old something in black jeans and the twenty year old something nodded quickly and went running. “You. Red tank top, I want you to get me all the designs created from this past week.” Beverly pointed at another twenty year old something and that twenty year old something got up from their desk shakingly, dropping a bunch of his things in the process, and went running as well.

“Hey! Hey! You two. What are you doing just standing there and chatting? Go get Jennifer Aniston on the phone.” Beverly glared at two interns holding coffee cups from Starbucks. “Well? Go. GO!” She clapped and both interns sprang away.

Beverly scoffed and put her hands on her hips. “AND SOMEONE GET

ME A TURKEY SANDWICH WITH NO CHEESE!"

"What's up with Mrs. Marsh today?" an employee on a desk asked someone holding a clipboard. "She just watched The Devil Wears Prada last night." The coworker with the clipboard said without taking her eyes off the board. "Again?" the employee sitting at the desk says.

"Hey, Delilah, did you get my message?" Beverly followed a woman wearing a polo and slacks. "Yes, Bev. I got the text. A whole week? That's kind of crazy, Beverly! Right before this deal?" Delilah questioned and Beverly started to tense up.

"You will all be fine, even if I didn't want to go, I have to. It's two of my best friends getting married." Beverly smiled and mouthed a 'thank you' to the intern who hands her a cheese-less turkey sandwich.

"Alright, Marsh. I'll call to keep you updated, alright?" Delilah adjusted her glasses and gave out an 'oof' as Beverly goes into for a rough hug. "Thank you, Delilah."

"You. Stop slacking around! Go get me a blood orange scarf." Beverly pointed at someone wearing a black bandana. "Do you mean red-" "GET ME THE SCARF." "Yes, Mrs. Marsh."

Ben's been going around just spiffy...

"Hi. Thank you all for coming." Ben said as he awkwardly played with his collar and wiped off some sweat. "Here, I have some new models for some condos.." Ben drifted off as he avoided eye contact with the business people sat at a long rectangular table.

Ben took in that he needed to stop coddling himself up in his house like some loner and actually work with people, engage with them.

"As you see here, I decided to go with a more spacious environment." Ben pressed a button on the control of the powerpoint and instead of

changing the slide, it flips the screen to be upside down.

“Ah shit, hold on.” Ben muttered. He started clicking buttons on the control to see if it worked. Instead, it would just glitch the powerpoint.

“Do you need help, Mr. Hanscom?” A woman in a business suit started to get up from her chair. “Uh no. I can handle this. Thank you, though, Priscilla.” Ben shook his head at her nervously and smiled. “My names Gertrude.”

“Mr. Hanscom, do you want to reschedule this meeting for next tuesday?” A man wearing a grey suit asked, sternly.

“Fuck, I can’t. I have to go to two of my best friend’s wedding next week. I’m sure I can get this thing to work properly.” Ben mumbled through gritted teeth as he began to practically punch the control. This caused the powerpoint to malfunction and start to blast G6 by Far East Movement very loud. Several people at the table covered their ears.

Ben started to kick the powerpoint projector to the point of it falling to the ground and breaking. Shutting the music off. He stood there, heavy breathing. “Questions?” He asked the very silent group of business people.

No response.

“Alright then. That’s a wrap.” He clapped his hands on his sides. “Email me if you need me, I’ll be back two mondays from now.” Ben sprinted out. As he walked down the hall, a worker opened his mouth to say something until Ben interrupted with “Not now, Jeffery.”

“My names Chris.”

Eddie divorced Myra immediately after returning from Derry and quit the ‘lame’ job before and decided to take on what he wanted to be when he was a kid, a doctor...

“SHIT! IT GOT IN MY EYE- BLOOD GOT IN MY EYE! FUCK!” Eddie exclaimed as he ran around the bed holding a patient on anesthesia with an opening in their body, cut by the surgeon. There was blood gushing everywhere.

“Nurse! Just- Edward! Just put your hand inside and get the scissors out.” a blonde nurse went over to soothe Eddie down. It didn’t help him at all, he anxiously rubbed at his face, spreading more blood on his face and surgical mouthpiece.

“Edward. Do you want to become a real doctor? Do you want to be more than some nurse at some hospital? Take those scissors out of that man’s stomach.” The blonde nurse grabbed Eddie’s shoulders.

He gave her one more look of nerve and nodded. “Okay, Christie.” He said and turned towards the patient. He started taking careful, slow steps forward. The bright light illuminating the dark room, almost blinding him.

He squints as he stared at the opening in the man’s stomach. Black marker around it blending in with the blood.

He reached his gloved hand in. Making a noise of disgust and cringing real hard, refusing to open his eyes.

He put his arm real deep before he paused. Eyes jarting open. “I found it- I found the scissors!” He shouted excitedly as if he had just forgotten he has his arm inside a man’s stomach. He pulled his arm out to reveal steel scissors all covered in blood.

“You did it, Edward!” Christie jumped and Eddie jumped as well.

“I did it! I did it, I put my hand inside some dude! God knows where he’s been!” Eddie laughed nervously as he kept jumping.

“I know your ass is gonna get fucking fired.” He pointed at the surgeon who frowned.

“I did it! And there’s blood all over.. There’s blood all over my..” is what Eddie could let out before fainting.

“Edward you did so great!” Christie followed Eddie throughout the hospital halls, Eddie was drastically fanning himself. “I know, hope I don’t pass out next time.” he chuckles.

“I’ll make sure you don’t. So, sorry again that I can’t go to your wedding.” She puts her hand on his arm.

“Don’t worry about it, Christie. Your son's talent show is more important than my lame-” Eddie drank a pill “dumb wedding.” he swallowed.

“Do you think everything you arranged is ready?” Christie eyed the second pill he was going to put in his mouth. “It all better be.” he said with a pill in his mouth before swallowing. “I need everything to be perfect. I’ve been married before and it’s a nightmare, time to do things my way.”

“Yea, but wasn’t your wedding with Myra very detailed and thought out as well? How do you think Richie feels about all of this?”

Eddie washed his hands. “Richie could not give a damn about what needs to be done for this wedding. It’s like he wants no effort put in. It’s sickening.” Eddie’s phone rang.

“Richie? What happened? Did you get the magenta flowers like I asked? VIOLET IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT COLOR!”

Christie watched in fear and she gestured Eddie that she was gonna go and mouthed that he had a nice ‘wedding’. He nodded at her before continuing. “I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU! NO I WON’T BE OKAY WITH MAROON.”

While living with his “First Netflix special” husband Richie (whom isn’t his husband just yet but very soon will be)....

“Did you call Netflix for the special?” Richie asked as he wiped his mouth from just vomiting out back. Steve tried to keep up with his fast walking pace. “They said they would get back to me. Richie,

listen to me. You gotta start giving me material that isn't about clowns and closets. We agreed on this whole new image but it's not funny anymore. The people want some new acts! New topics!"

"Yea yea." Richie waved him off. "Did I ever tell the fans I was getting married?"

"Yes. You've been telling them every single show you have done since December."

"I'm about to tell them again." He said after taking a sip of, what was it? Whiskey? And walking out on stage.

"How's everybody doing tonight?" Richie waved at a packed audience, they all cheered and clapped.

"Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier here to say my final goodbye before getting married." He signaled his wedding ring at the audience and an ensemble of "Woo's!" can be heard.

"Yea, did I ever tell you all the story of how I proposed to the love of my life?" "YES!" someone in the audience shouted but Richie chose to ignore them.

"I had taken him out to dinner, a romantic place as they call it, somewhere around the block, I don't know. And while he discussed the unsanitary dangers of going to a football game, I stared at him right in his big eyes that I can't get over. No seriously. They're huge." Richie made a face and the audience laughed.

"And that's when I got out of my chair and bent down on one knee. I tell him this whole heartfelt speech about how I love him and I can see him starting to cry. Right when the question was on my tongue, I feel my pocket and the ring wasn't there."

The audience laughed.

"I was absolutely terrified. But what was more terrifying was Eddie's face when I looked up. He always argues about wanting me to be more of the romantic, cheesy type. And the first time I actually felt like I was straight out of a romcom, BAM! Forgot the ring."

The audience laughed.

“But eventually I got to do it all over when I got back to our apartment. Took us a while though because our dog had stolen the box holding the ring and she would not let it go. We chased her for what was practically four hours.”

The audience laughed.

“But yea. It was all worth it because he ended up saying yes in the end, and that rocked my world. Just the thought of me marrying him and spending our lives together- together. Just makes me- wait.” Richie paused and held out his index finger as he held his stomach with his other hand.

It wasn't long until the hand moved to his mouth and he jogged off the stage. Someone who worked at the theatre took the freedom of saying goodnight to the audience.

Steve angrily made his way to the back door and barged it open to reveal Richie, once again, vomiting. “Not again, Tozier!”

Stanley is living his normal life, alone, in his apartment, with his birds, as an accountant. Nothing else. Stan has no other job...

“Lady Bird, You're on in five!” a man wearing a turtleneck and headpiece opened the door to Stan's dressing room and closed it once Stan nodded.

Stan looked at himself in the mirror. He grabbed his nude lipstick and applied another layer to his lips. He got up and did a squat to relieve some of the tightness the tuck of the duct tape was doing to him.

“Shit.” He said as he noticed a part of his wig wasn't in place and he felt forward to drag open a drawer to take out some glue and start applying to his edges. Someone knocked and he squeaked out a “Come in”.

“Hey Lady, they decided that Aphrodite will go first. So you don’t have to worry about going out right now.” a drag queen wearing a purple wig and pink dress covered in rhinestones smiled at him.

Stan nodded blankly. “Thank you for telling me, Angelica.” Stan said before returning to look at himself in the mirror. He reached out for his blush brush and started to jab it at his cheeks.

“You’re still going to be gone for a week, Lady?” Angelica said as she sat on ‘Lady Bird’'s couch. “Yea. My two best friends are having a gay wedding.” Stan got up to start stretching his legs to prepare for his performance.

“Welp, I hope you have a good time. It’s about time you got a vacation from this Hell. Did you check in with the other bank you work at?” Angelica asked.

“Yea. They know beforehand. All I need now is a birdsitter.” Stan smirked at Angelica. Angelica put her hands up. “Fine, fine. I’ll take over your feathered sisters.”

“Thanks, lots. Angelica.” He smiled and Angelica hummed.

“Love the look you’re doing tonight.” Angelica got up to eye his outfit. He was wearing a pink corset complete with a robe with feathers on the sleeves and stockings on his legs. His heels also had feathers and his wig was long, red, and wavy. Looking like a classing 1920’s sweetheart

“Thank you, I made it all myself actually. Minus the wig and corset.” He did a slow spin before shimmying himself back into his chair, grabbing the hairbrush to brush his wig.

“Do your friends know you’re a drag queen?” Angelica asks thoughtfully. Stan set his hairbrush down before swallowing. “No.”

“When are you going to tell them?”

“I don’t know.”

“Lady Bird, you have to tell them at some point.”

“Yeah but I don’t think I would be such a huge fan of the way they would react. I mean, they’ve always known me as Stanley. Stanley

who wears sweaters and likes to read books. Stanley who makes flat jokes that only he seems to find humorous. Stanley who is sarcastic and pessimistic and hates loud noises. Boring, clumsy, scared, Stanley. And don't get me wrong, that's still who I am except every night I sneak off to a drag bar, throw a wig on, and do a split on a stage lip syncing to Madonna. They wouldn't understand." Stan sighed.

Angelica frowned. "They're your friends, sweetheart. No matter what reaction they'd have, positive or negative, you need to tell them the truth. You need to tell them who is the real you. No matter what."

Stan nodded slowly. "Perhaps you're right. I-" Stan was interrupted by the buzz of his phone coming from his duffel bag. He stumbled towards it, the sound of his heels clicking on the ground becoming stomps, and dug into his bag for his phone.

"Ugh." Stan said before answering the call.

"Betty. What is it now?" He asked in an irritated tone. "What? Thomas is what? Put Thomas on the phone RIGHT NOW."

Anjelica coughed awkwardly. Stan looked up at her.

"Uh, I can give you space if you want?" Angelica asked and Stan shook his head, mouthing a 'It's fine'.

"Thomas. Listen to me, you're better than this. Think about all the visits we had to make to get you to stop drinking. You want all that effort to be gone?" Stan started to progressively speak louder to the phone.

Anjelica began to whistle.

"Look I- Hold on." Stan put the call on speaker "Okay. Thomas You-" "I want to relapse!" says something that awfully sounds like a parrot squawking. "I want to relapse!" "I want to relapse!"

"Thomas! You have to stay strong! Look. Go drink from Betty's bowl if you feel tempted to drink something. The water should still be cold-" "I want to relapse!"

"Oh fuck it." Anjelica muttered and walked out.

“I want to relapse!” “Thomas no!”

And Bill had split with Audra, saying some corny shit like “It isn’t you, It’s me” and now gotten used to writing somewhat decent endings.

Incoming call from Losers (Never answer them, you hear me? DO NOT ANSWER THEM)

Bill was slightly startled by the Skype ringtone suddenly blaring in his face on his laptop while he was scrolling through Rotten Tomato reviews of his newest film. He wrote the screenplay for this movie called “Green Book”. He’s been getting a lot of shit lately stating that he copied the title off of some Oscarbait white savior film with Viggo Mortensen that’s soon to be released the same ear. Crazy.

But that won’t stop him and his two fan’s Oscar campaign for Bill Denbrough.

He closed that tab and clicked “answer”.

“Heyyy, everyone actually answered this time!” Mike said, face being held up by his palm. Mike usually was the one to initiate these calls but most of the time, no one answered. “Motherfuckers” he muttered.

“How are we, guys?” Ben set his phone on the ground, which he had been using for the call, and went back to the position he was in. He looked like he was painting a wall, sleeves rolled up, some paint in his hair, there was a huge turtle painted onto the wall.

“I’m doing fuh-fine.” Bill sat back, head resting on folded arms behind his head. His chair wasn’t leaning back against something so he fell backwards with a big THUMP.

Edward Kasbrak has joined the call.

“Hey Eddie!” all three men greeted in sync.

“Hi” Eddie simply said as he looked straight forward, away from his phone screen. He was driving at the moment, and not very well.

“WATCH WHERE YOU’RE GOING YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! DIE! FUCKING DICKHEAD!” Eddie shouted out the window.

“Whoa!” “Language.” “How do you still have your license?” the three guys on the call quipped at the same time.

Eddie ignored their playful berations and remained his eyes on the road. “Sorry for not answering earlier, I dropped my phone when I heard it rang.”

“You seem to drop your phone every time I call” Mike cocked a brow. “Except this time you actually answered.”

“You worked today, Eddie?” Bill chimed in as climbed up to appear in frame from the ground, taking a sip of his capri sun.

“No, it’s my day off” Eddie took one hand off the wheel to gesture his casual outfit. “I’ve been strolling around all day.”

“Strolling around? We just watched you flip off an old lady in her Cadillac” Ben spoke before knocking over the ladder that had the open tin of paint lying on it. “Bev’s going to kill me” he stared the mess on the ground in awe.

Beverly Marsh has joined the call.

“Ben, HIDE!” Mike shouted.

“Ben, that’s not our floor.. Right?” Beverly stared at Ben with a deafening look. A look someone would give you if you took their sandwich, or child.

“Yea, baby. It’s ours.” Ben’s voice cracked, not trying to meet Beverly’s eyes. Before she could give an answer, someone else joined the call.

Richard Tozier has joined the call.

“Big dick is in town! What’s up? Whoa Ben- dude there’s paint all over your floor” Richie’s shaky camera screen came into frame. He looked like he was walking on a sidewalk.

"Thanks for your input, Richie. How's your marriage going?" Ben deadpanned.

"My marriage? I'm not married and I don't think I ever will be. Matrimony? More like 'selling your soul'. Am I right, losers?" Richie asked, causing different reactions from each loser. Ben still deadpanning, Beverly cringing, Mike making a repetitive hand motion as he shook his head to signal him to 'stop', Bill trying not to laugh, and Eddie giving him that look.

THE look.

"What? I'm kidding Edsy baby, come on!" Richie laughed, a hint of nerve in his tone. "Fuck you." Eddie responded.

"Can't believe you two are finally getting married. After all this time, I'm proud of you guys." Bill smiled as he played with the straw of the capri sun.

"I'm proud of me too." Richie smiled as Eddie rolled his eyes but smiled with him.

"Anyways, did we all agree on a trip to the beach before leaving Florida?" Bill asked.

"No." Stan said.

"Holy shit, when did Stan join the call?" Mike asked staring at his screen.

"I joined before Richie made that dumbass joke. I'm just now packing, losers." Stan said while looking busy, trying to get his luggage to close, grunting.

"Nice, me and Ben are all packed. How about the rest of you?" Bev asked.

"I'm settled." nodded Mike. "Perfecto, with the help of my tangerine" Richie said pouting at Eddie. Eddie scoffed. "Yeah, I FORCED YOU. And yes, I am all done."

"Eddie, you've worked so hard. Just relax and enjoy this trip." Bev

said sincerely as she handled her phone screen. "I'm getting a call from work, gotta go. See you all in Florida!"

"Bye." everyone said at the same time.

"I think I'll go too. Want to make sure the minivan's clean or Eddie will murder me" Mike joked. Everyone did not laugh at that joke. "Erm, bye."

"Gonna go too-" "I want to relapse!" "Ugh, goodbye." and Stanley was also gone.

"And then there were three-" "Bye." Eddie left the call before Richie could finish. "And then there were two."

"Richie. Are you sure about this?" Bill says out loud bluntly.

"Whoa, very broad question you ask there. What do you mean?"

Author's Note:

I want to relapse!